TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

VOL. 1.]

EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

[NO. 52.

The Tasley Messenger.

J. R. HAGOOD, Editor and Prop'r.

Entered at the Postoffice at Easley S. C., as Becond Class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One year, strictl in advance.....\$1.00 Six months " 65

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square (1 inch) 1 insertion......75c Each subsequent insertion......40c Liberal discount on contracts or by the column, half or quarter column.

Marriage notices free and solicited. Obituaries over 12 lines charged for. Correspondents, to insure attention, must give their full address.

We are not responsible for the opin ions of our correspondents.

All communications for the paper must be addressed to the Editor; rusiness letters to the Publisher of the MESSENGER, Easley, S. C.

BILL ARP.

He is Visited by "Cousin John" Thrasher--A Snake Story.

wife, for snakes are her everlasting brought me sugar." ises, she always declares there is looked away off. "I thought it the regular habitues is Col. Bsmall gun and I took the big one, butter and now it is all spoilt. and we meandreed slowly along on a plank, and I got him a rest It is already mixed." but hunt snakes and swells up and and eat about twice as much as I whispered about that the Colonel

pilot over in the field and ten and serene. I expept we will have best and watched him the closest young ones came crawling out of pudding and cake every day for a were sure that he was on the eve her mouth. It is snake time now. week, but I don't expect to ever of victory. His gait was more food, and you can see their wormy things, that wont bear repeating in eestral Huguenots were dragged to squirmy track across the road a family, and Mrs. Arp sometimes the front without mercy. most every day. The books say suspects me of doing a little devil- Unfortunately a bit of eavesdropthat snakes that lay eggs are non-ment out of pure cussedness. venemous, and those that give We are preparing to go to win- of what the Colonel thought to be a if I can help it. Our mortal an- and she has mentioned that anoth- pompous and condescending manhave a chance.

Cousin John Trasher came to see rich cream, and prouder of the but-find out what their mother needs. ly decline. I am a huguenot of South us the other day and it made us ter, and I dont want any of these If she ever asked me for anything Carolina!' proud. For it is no small compli- insidious perambulating reptiles to in her life I dont know it, and I ment for a man like him to ride interfere with her perfect serenity, reckon the reason is I don't give got,' said Miss --- , with her most five miles on a dirt road in hot I love the buttermilk, the cold but her a chance. She has got things roguish smile. You do not appreweather to do us honor and show termilk that she prepares, for I in that big all family trunk now ciste the honor to which you aspire. his regard. He dident stop long, know it is nice. She called me that I have done forgot I ever I am a Lightwood Knot of North for he is always in a hurry, and so down to the spring house yester- bought. Winter is coming and I Carolina! - Harper's Magazine. just before leaving he said he want- day to show me how much nice am glad of it. I do so love the ed to go down to the spring and yellow butter she had made at a cheerfull blazing fire in the family dip up a drink of pure water. I double charning. Of course I com- room and the children sitting went down with him and kept a plimented her with gushing and around and Mrs. Arp in her accuslittle ahead. I stept down off the uxorious language, and when she tomed corner and the good, warm log that was close by the spring, told me togo to the house and look carpet on the floor and the rich fat and Uncle John stept down just be on the pantry shelf and bring her pine by the closet door to kindle hind me, and he stept high and down the bowl of salt, wherewith the fire in the morning. far, and hollered "snake." Sure to season the butter I went with Well there is power of pleasure enough I had stept over the var- alacrity and brought it and I then in this subloomary life if we will mint-a big, rusty moccasin-and watched her as she sprinkled it all look for it. he made for a hole in the rocks over and stirred it in with a paddle, and we lost him. Cousin John and in course of time she concluddident get over it for several min- ed to taste it and see if it wassalty utes, and had to set down and enough, and I never will forget the

ed four on that excursions, and was mighty nice sweet butter, accord to him the coveted position now he don't want to do anything Well, I got the pudding for dinner as chief of staff. It began to be

struts round with his new import- wanted just to show her how good was really in earnest for once in ance. We killed a rattlesnake's it was, and now everything is calm his life. Those who knew him This hot, dusty weather makes mistake sugar for salt again as martial, his manner more lofty them travel around in search of long as I live. There are some than ever before, and the poor an-

birth to their young are venemous ter quarters now. My wife has deserted corner of the piazza told and that none but the latter ever called my respectful attention to a the story of such worful disconfitallow their young to run in and run few broken window glass and a ure that he fled the place within out of them. But they are all the leak in the roof and a brick or two twenty-four hours afterwards. He same to me, and I let none escape that are loose in the chimney back, had evidently proposed in his most tipathy to snakes is to my mind er pair of blankets will be needed, ner, and had heard with amazement one of the strongest proofs of scrip- for the grandchildren will be com- a quiet negative from the young ture, and it is apart of my religion ing out, and she says that my flan-lady's lips. to "bruise his head" whenever I nel shirts are getting old and dilapidated; she alwas looks after the Colonel, hardly able to control My wife, Mrs. Arp, loves to go me, bless her heart, and I always his indignant pride, 'you do not urdown to the spring house and see look after her, bless my heart, too, derstand, you do not appreciate, after the milk and superintend the for she wont ask for anything and Miss, the honor that has been conchurning, and she is proud of the I have to talk to the girls and find ferred upon you, that you so light-

BILL ARP.

A Delicious Bit of Repartee.

The following bit of wit upon the blow, for he is awfully afraid of lost and lamented look she gave me part of North Carolina girl comes snakes. It is mighty hard on my as she exclaimed: "William you to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable horror. If we kill one on the prem- She sat down on a chair and Virginia watering-place: Among another close by, and if we kill two was the salt," said I, "I found it a well-preserved, handsome old she says there must be a den of just where you told me." 'Of beau of uncertain age. His socithem, and so there is no way to course you did, she said. "I'm not ety record is brilliant, and, though pacify and make her calm and se-blaming you at all; I forgot there he has raised many hopes, season rene. Carl is getting to be a right was a bowl of sugar there, and if after season has ended and the Colsmart chunk of a boy now, and I had had on my specks I could one has yielded his liberty to none. hankers after a gan, and so the have told the difference. Oh my! His special strength is pride of other day I told him we would go what a pity it is to be old and near-family, boasting, as he does, in hunting snakes. I gave him the ly blind. It was a beautiful lot of season and out of season, not only in the bluest South Carolina blood. "My dear" said I, wont it do for but the most direct Hugenot dethe branch, and sure enough he cake, and you said you was going scent. During the past summer spied that same big moccasin down to make a bread pudding to-day there appeared flitting about the below the spring sunging himself and it will be splendid for sauce. broad piazza and through the long drawing room a bright dashing girl and cocked his gun, and he took a She never said anything, but from the "Land of the Sky." The trembling aim and fired and killed handed me the butter and told me Colonel, as usual, began the scheme S. W. Cor. Main and Washington sts., the beast, and he was the proudest to set it in the spring house. I did of monopoly and the ambitious boy I think I ever saw. We kill- so and ventrued to remark that is young belle seemed nothing loth to

ping the dim star-lighted seclusion

But, I think-I am sure,' said

'Ah, Colonel, it is you who for-

 It was a commercial traveler who sang 'My face is my fortune.'

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